

ALL IN COLOUR - MAKES LEARNING A JOY

Once Upon a Time

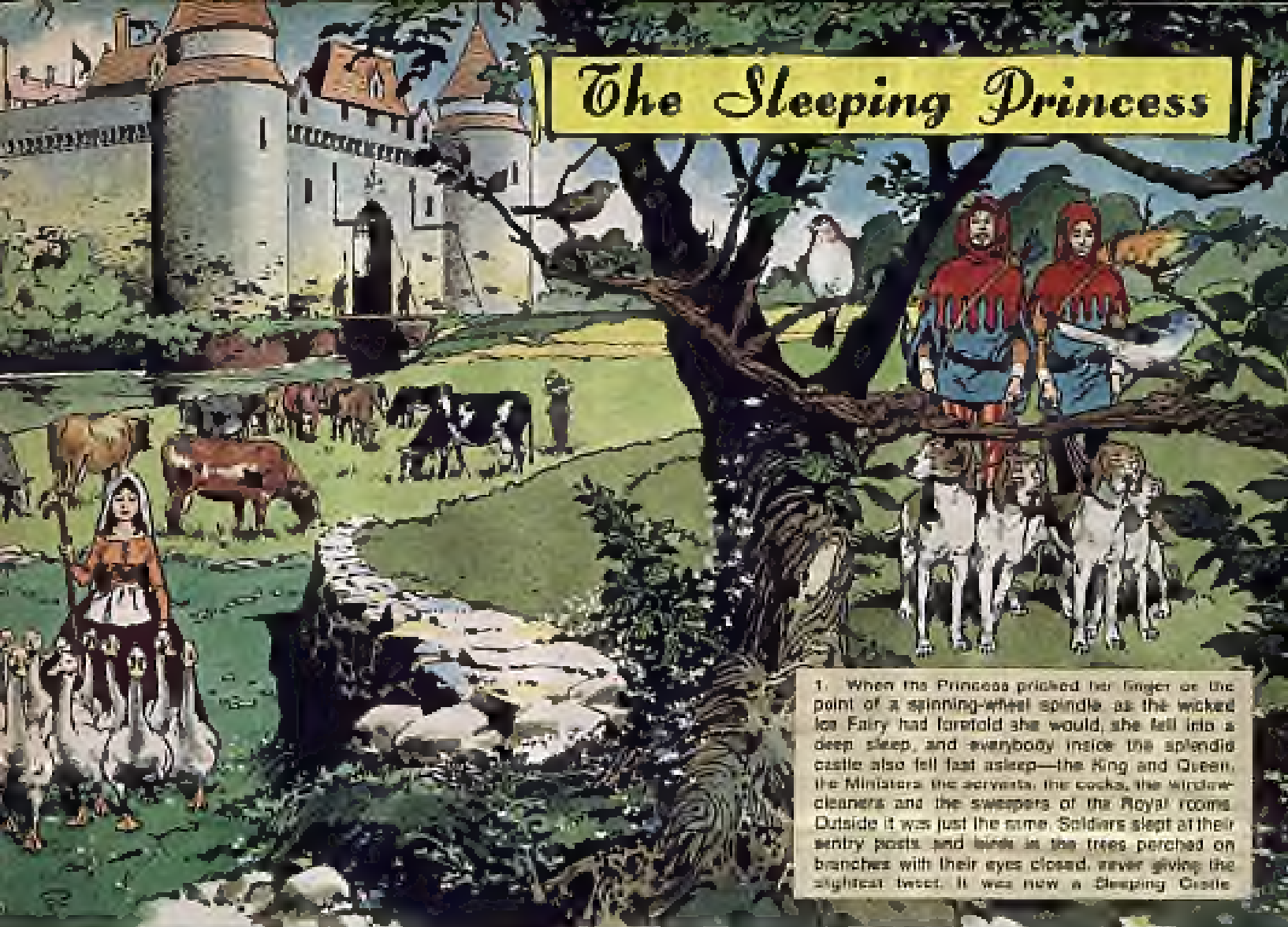
EVERY WEDNESDAY

No. 29 - 23rd AUGUST 1969

PRICE 1/3



The Sleeping Princess



1. When the Princess pricked her finger on the point of a spinning-wheel spindle as the wicked Ice Fairy had foretold she would, she fell into a deep sleep, and everybody inside the splendid castle also fell fast asleep—the King and Queen, the Ministers, the servants, the cooks, the window-cleaners and the sweepers of the Royal rooms. Outside it was just the same. Soldiers slept at their sentry posts, and birds in the trees perched on branches with their eyes closed, never giving the slightest tweet. It was now a Sleeping Castle.



2. In the beautiful Palace gardens, nothing moved. There was not a breath of wind to rustle the leaves of the trees or the petals of the lovely red roses. They stayed perfectly still. The bumble bees no longer buzzed, the ants did not scurry around any more, no crickets chirped or grasshoppers hopped.



3. Time went by, and a hundred years later, the Sleeping Castle was surrounded by a thick hedge of tangled briars, trees, bushes and ferns. There was no way through it. The rabbits, on the outside, had long since given up trying, though they scampered about, playing hide-and-seek among the thick roots.



4. Then, one day, a handsome Prince passed that way, riding a proud dappled-grey horse. He had come from a Kingdom many miles away, and his two hunting dogs trusted along beside him. "We shall not go much farther, my faithful friends," he said to his dogs. "There are no signs of any deer in these parts. It seems to be a strangely empty place with no life at all."



5. On top of a hill, he halted and stood up in the stirrups. The turrets of the Sleeping Castle had caught his eye. "Tell me, what is that place?" he asked a passing woodman. "Why is it surrounded by a thick hedge of briars and thorns?" "It is said that inside there is a sleeping Princess, good sir," replied the woodman. "She can be awakened by a Prince's kiss."



6. "Then I shall be the Prince to waken her," the handsome young hunter cried. At full gallop he rode towards the thick barrier and searched the whole circle of it—but there was no way in. The Sleeping Castle was far too well protected.



7. Not giving up hope, the Prince got down from his horse and began to hack at the tangled forest of thorny branches and hanging vines. It was a tremendous task and such a tiring one that the Prince wondered if he had the strength to do it.



Orange



Cherries



These are our "Allsorts" pages.
Every week you can see all
sorts of Allsorts. **THIS WEEK**

All Sorts of



Pineapple



Pear

Grapes



Peach



Fruits to Eat



Banana



Apple



BRER RABBIT

This week Brer Rabbit saves his cow from Brer Wolf. By Barbara Hayes.

NOW, children, this week I am going to tell you how that scamp Brer Rabbit tricked his old enemy, Brer Wolf, yet again.

It happened one day that Brer Wolf had been fishing. Now, as he was sauntering home with his string of fish across his shoulder, it chanced that he saw old Mrs. Partridge.

Mrs. Partridge hopped out of some bushes and fussed around and Brer Wolf thought to himself:

"Aha! This must mean that Mrs. Partridge has a nest nearby."

Now there was nothing that Brer Wolf liked better than partridge eggs, so he put his load of fish down at the side of the road and scurried into the bushes to

try to find Mrs. Partridge's nest.

Well, about that same time, Brer Rabbit happened to come along.

There were the fish lying at the side of the road and there was Brer Rabbit walking past them, so I'm sure I don't need to tell you what happened.

That scamp Brer Rabbit picked up the fish and took them home with him.

"There's no point in letting good food go to waste," he chuckled, "and if who ever owns the fish just throw them down at the side of the road, then he can't want them very much. That's all I can say."

So when Brer Wolf came back from looking for Mrs. Partridge's nest—which, by the way, he hadn't found—his fish were gone.

Brer Wolf sat down and scratched his head, he did, and he thought and thought and suddenly it came into his mind that Brer Rabbit often walked along this road.

So then Brer Wolf rushed off to Brer Rabbit's house and when he got there, he shouted out and asked Brer Rabbit where his fish were.

Brer Rabbit replied that he didn't know anything about any fish.

Brer Wolf said he could feel in his bones that Brer Rabbit had the fish.

Brer Rabbit said over and over again that he hadn't got the fish.

Brer Wolf said he was certain sure that the fish had been taken by Brer Rabbit.

Then, just to try to end the argument, Brer Rabbit said that if he really had taken the fish, then Brer Wolf deserved to have his best cow.

Well, with that Brer Wolf said: "Then I will take your best cow, because I do believe that you took my fish."

And Brer Wolf went up to the pasture and drove off Brer Rabbit's best cow.

Now, although Brer Rabbit really had taken the fish, he was still mighty cross that Brer Wolf should have his best cow.

"After all, Brer Wolf has done me many bad turns in the past," grumbled Brer Rabbit, "and I reckoned he owed me a fish or two, without taking my cow in return."

So Brer Rabbit made up his mind to get his cow back.

The next day, Brer Rabbit went round to Brer Wolf's house and shouted out: "The police are coming and I hear tell that they're after you, Brer Wolf."

Now Brer Wolf was always doing very bad things, so he was afraid of the police and he rushed out of the house like a shot from a gun.

"I'm going to hide," he panted as he ran past Brer Rabbit. "Come and tell me when the police have gone, Brer Rabbit."

"Certainly, Brer Wolf, certainly," smiled Brer Rabbit.

Of course, the police weren't coming at all.

But as soon as Brer Wolf was well out of the way, Brer Rabbit took his cow and drove it home. Then he took a piece of leather and made it look just like a cow's tail.

Then Brer Rabbit went back to Brer Wolf's house and pushed part of the "cow's tail" into some deep mud.

Then he called out: "Brer Wolf, Brer Wolf. The police have gone."

Back came Brer Wolf, only to see Brer Rabbit standing there holding on to the "cow's tail", just as if he were trying to stop it from being pulled down into the ground.

"The cow wandered into the mud and

it has sunk in all except its tail," said Brer Rabbit. "You will have to help me pull it out again."

But, of course, when Brer Wolf pulled, the "tail" just came away in his hand.

"There," said Brer Rabbit with a wink, "you have pulled the tail off and the cow has sunk in the mud."

"I'm not losing my cow as easily as that," growled Brer Wolf, and he fetched a shovel and dug and dug in the wet, muddy mud.

And all the while Brer Wolf was digging, Brer Rabbit sat back laughing and muttering to himself:

"You can diggy, diggy, diggy as much as you like, but there's no cow there."

And in the end Brer Rabbit slipped away home to where he had both the fish and the cow.

And although Brer Wolf dug all night, he didn't find anything.

What a naughty chap Brer Rabbit is!

There will be another Brer Rabbit story next week.

Help Boys and Girls—

I wonder how many of you are making "Once Upon A Time" while you are on holiday with your mummy and daddy? Some of you may have already been on holiday, and others are still patiently waiting for the day when it will be your turn. However, on holiday or not, we hope that you are enjoying the sun and having fun.

Your friend,
The Editor.



HOW MANY BONES ARE THERE IN A GIRAFFE'S NECK?

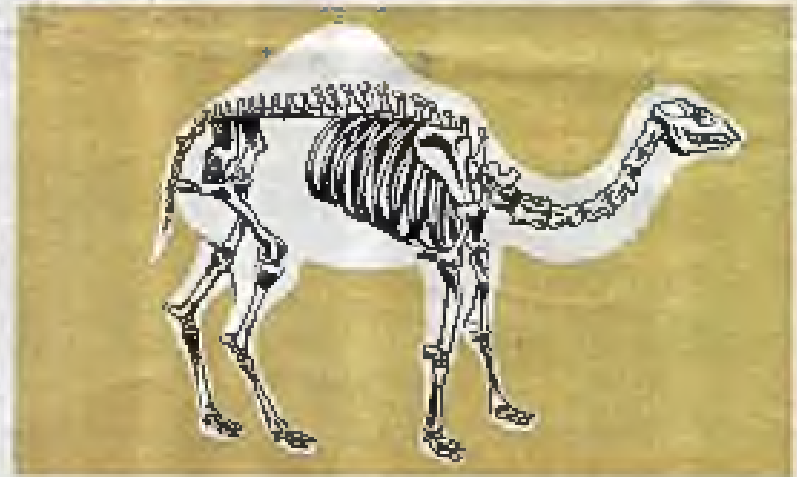
You must all have seen the stately giraffe at the zoo. Have you ever wondered how many bones it has in its long graceful neck? If you do not know you will be surprised to learn that there are only seven.

You can see them clearly in the picture of the giraffe's skeleton. You will probably be even more surprised to learn that the camel and the short-necked elephant have seven. You can count them.

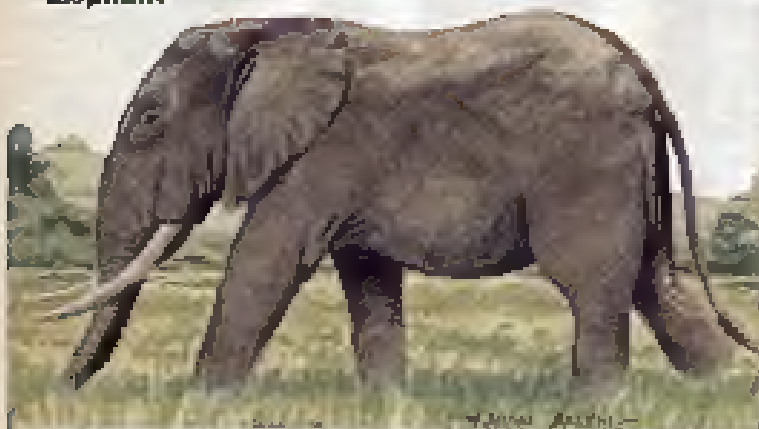
Giraffe



Camel



Elephant





This is a memory test. When you have finished reading this page, turn to page 16, and there you will find some questions about the story. You can have fun trying to answer the questions correctly.

All About Canals

IS there a canal near your home? Maybe your mummy and daddy take you for walks along the canal side, because several of the canals in Britain run through some beautiful country scenes. Of course, if you are out on your own you should always stay away from canals, because if you fall in you will find it very difficult to get out again.

Do you know which is the longest and oldest canal in the world? It is the Grand Canal of China, and work on it started two thousand five hundred years ago.

Four thousand years ago, the Ancient Egyptians built a canal joining the River Nile and the Red Sea, but this canal no longer exists. The Ancient Romans also built many canals in different parts of their great Empire.

Lots of canals have, of course, been built in Europe in countries such as France, Belgium, Holland and Italy. Just three hundred years ago a great canal

was built in France. It was opened in 1661 and it is 148 miles long. It is called Canal du Midi, or Languedoc (say "Lang-edock") Canal. It is still used today. Our artist has drawn a picture of a scene on the side of the Canal du Midi, two hundred years ago.

Canals are really man-made rivers, built to help to move heavy goods from one place to another at the cheapest cost. The Manchester Ship Canal is an example of this. In 1753, the cost of sending goods by road between Manchester and Liverpool was 40 shillings a ton, but when the canal was opened the cost of sending a ton by water was only 12 shillings.

There are really two kinds of canals, one for use by narrow barges and the other for use by big ocean-going ships. Of the great ship canals, the two best known are the Panama Canal, which connects the Atlantic Ocean and Pacific Ocean, and the Suez Canal, which allows

big ships to travel from the Mediterranean Sea to the Indian Ocean. (At the moment, the Suez Canal is out of use.)

You may be surprised to know that about 12,000 people live in boats on the English canals—most of them on the Grand Union, which runs from London to Birmingham and other parts of the Midlands. Children live aboard the "narrow-boats", as the barges are most often called, and as they move up and down the country, they usually find a school to go to, so that they can get their education. When you are older, you should read a book on canal life by A. P. Herben. It is called "The Water Gipsies". The first canals could only be built across land which was level and flat, but about 500 years ago, a clever person invented a canal lock. This is a means of raising or lowering a boat from one level of water to another, and is very useful.

Turn to page 16 and answer the questions.

Silver Moon



JUST as Pik and Pek had planned, Prince Amon fell in love with Silver Moon. The two little blue gnomes were delighted at the result of their magic, and it certainly was very clever of them to put a likeness of the lovely Chinese Princess into the Prince's dreams.

"Bring me my finest white charger, my riding cloak, and food enough for a journey across mountains, rivers and hot desert lands," said Prince Amon to his servants in the palace beside the banks of the great River Ganges.

When this was done, Prince Amon said goodbye to his father and set out. He knew that China lay somewhere towards the East, but to his surprise, the splendid white horse needed no tug upon the rein to set it in the right direction. It seemed to know already that the way was towards the rising sun.

"How strange," thought Amon. But it was not really so strange, for little Pik was floating through the air, with one hand on the horse's bridle, guiding it on its way.

"You must be strong and tireless, my brave steed," Pik whispered in the ear of the white horse. "You must never think of food, or rest or sleep, for even as you gallop on your flying hoofs, the Princess Silver Moon is becoming weaker from a strange illness. Because of this illness, which she has had since a baby, she cannot sleep, but your handsome Prince has the power to make her well, if he hurries."

Even Prince Amon was amazed by the strength of his horse. It had never travelled faster or more tirelessly. The bitter cold of the high mountains had no effect on it, nor the deep, rushing over-torrents, nor the baking heat of the desert.

At last, after three days and three nights, Prince Amon blinked his eyes through the red rays of the rising sun. He saw something which made his heart jump with joy—a tall building with curved roofs, shimmering a little in the heat of the morning.

"That must be it," he said. "That surely must be the Chinese pagoda, where I will find Princess Silver Moon."

More of this delightful story next week.



The Magic Flute



1 Baron Grasp was hard-hearted, greedy and rich. And as he grew richer as his peasants grew poorer, for he took all their money from them in taxes. It was the Baron's birthday and he planned to give a great ball in his own honour.

2 Baron Grasp sent for a flute-player from a far-off land. "Will the sound of your flute make people dance and be merry?" he asked. "Your guests will dance," the musician replied, "but they may not be merry."



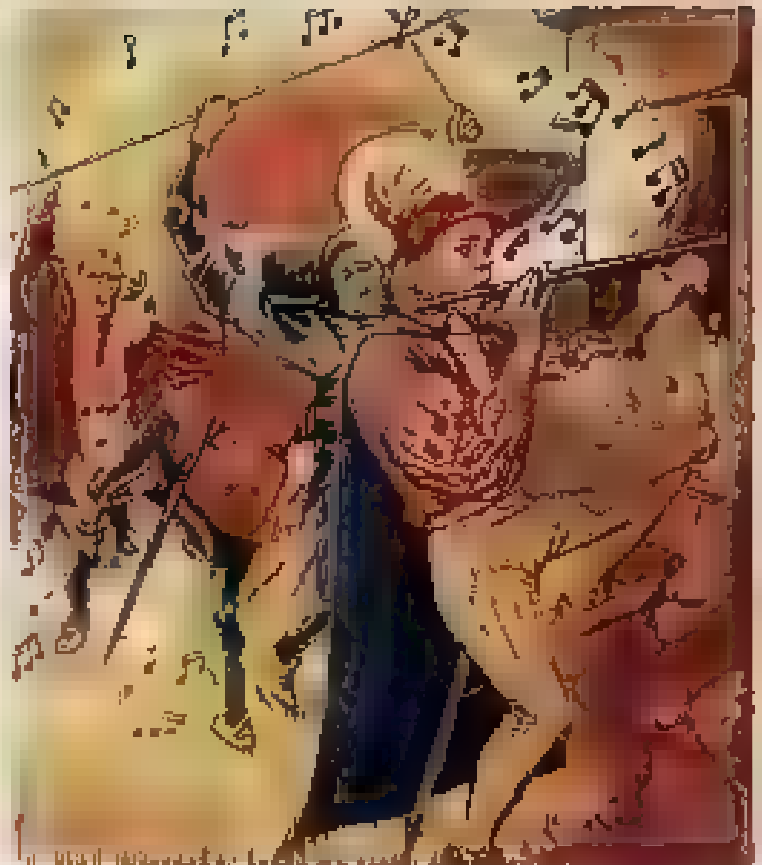
3 Nonsense scoffed the Baron. How can anyone dance and not be merry? That evening the castle began to fill with gracious ladies and handsome lords arriving for the ball for the Baron had invited all the most important people.



4 "Strike up the music," ordered the Baron. At the very first note from the flute everybody's feet began to twitch and tap and then all the lords and ladies began to dance. Gaily they jiggered around the castle hall.



5 On and on, faster and faster, went the music of the flute and the smiles of the dancers began to fade as their legs grew tired and their feet began to ache. "Stop the music!" ordered the Baron. But the musician played on and on.



6 Still playing, the flute-player moved around the castle hall, opening the Baron's chests and taking from them bags of gold. Stop him, the Baron roared. But there was no one who could stop dancing for an instant.



7 With all the Baron's gold in one big sack the flute-player turned and left the castle. Now at last the music ceased, but so tired were the Baron and all his guests that as the last note died away they sank to the floor.



8 Never again was the flute-player seen, but when the peasants were asked early next morning where in the centre of the village was the Baron's gold for them to share. As for Baron Greep, he had learned a lesson not to be greedy again.



Beautiful Paintings

One of the greatest art collections in the world is at the National Gallery in London. Some very beautiful pictures can be seen there and one of the most beautiful is this picture of a little girl and her kitten, painted by the French artist J. B. Perronneau. How lovely the

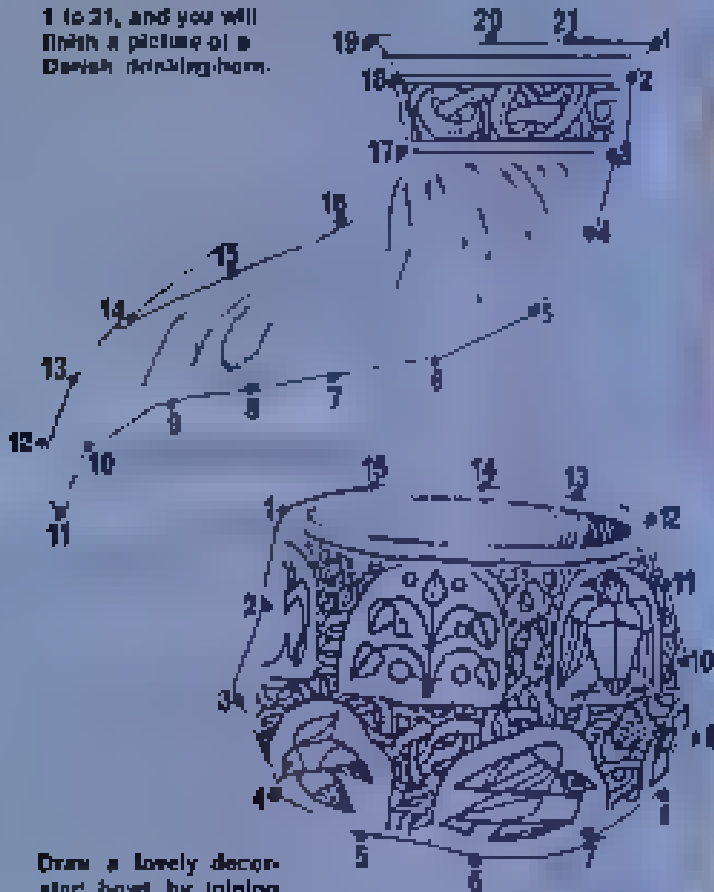
little girl looks with the flowers in her hair and the blue ribbon around her neck. Are you making your own collection of the Beautiful Pictures printed in "Once Upon A Time"? If not, why not start a scrap-book collection right away?

The picture printed here is by kind permission of the National Gallery, London

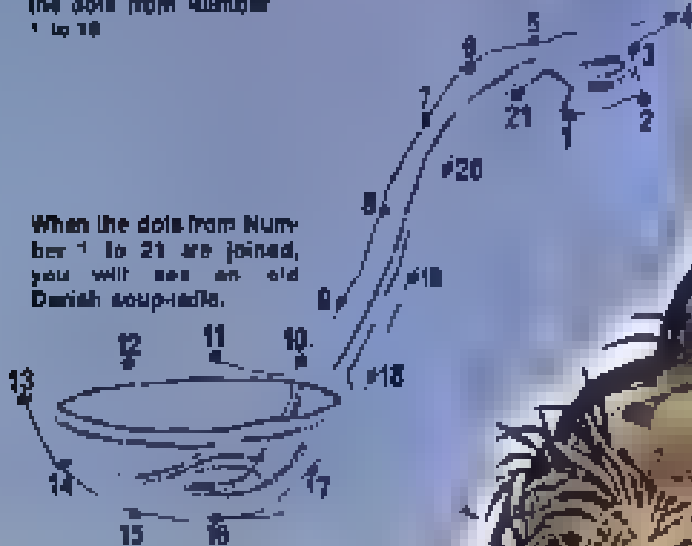
THE DANISH WIFE

Here is a delightful picture of a woman who might have lived in Denmark hundreds of years ago. Her husband is a farmer. Her dress, cap and shoes are in the fashion of that time, and she looks very contented as she sits picking her long, thick-skinned hen, pecking some of the farm apples for cooking.

Join the Numbers from 1 to 21, and you will finish a picture of a Danish drinking-horn.



Draw a lovely decorated bowl by joining the dots from Number 1 to 18.



When the dots from Number 1 to 21 are joined, you will see an old Danish soup-radle.





The Town Mouse² and the Country Mouse²

The story had the unexpected ending. By Barbara Pappen.

THE cottage wasn't the same as its name and the box was hidden over the gurgles.

That was the mysterious message at Horace, the Australian mouse, had brought back to Winifred, the country mouse and Stephanie, the town mouse.

It was of that their Great Uncle Sidney could remember of where he had hidden a boxful of jewels that apparently now belonged to Winifred and Stephanie.

Jan mouse, who was Great Uncle Sidney's grandson. "Grandpa said that he remembers he hid the box of jewels somewhere in a loft of an old cottage he used to live in and with the help of you girls, I should be able to find the cottage and then with the help of the message we should be able to find the jewels is hidden.

"Is that so?" grumbled Stephanie. "A fine sort of present this is, when we have to go grubbing round half of England to try to find it. And, of course, to find it, we have to find the box in the boring country-side? He couldn't have hidden it in Paris - oh dear no! What thoughtless relatives I do have.

But while Stephanie had been grumbling, Winifred had been thinking about the mysterious message.

"Think, I know what the first part of the message means," said Winifred. "The bit about the cottage not being the same as its name. You see,

Uncle Sidney was born in a cottage called Rose Hill Cottage and he loved it so much that whatever cottage he lived in, he always called it Rose Hill Cottage, after the place where he was born."

"That's right," said Horace. "The

house in Australia was called Rose Hill Cottage.

Yes," went on Winifred, trying to think back to all the gossiping she had

heard had been a little girl, "I remember it used to be a joke in the family that one cottage Great Uncle Sidney lived in was called Rose Hill Cottage, but it was nothing like its name. It was on perfectly flat land and there wasn't a rose in sight. There was something about the earth in the

That must be the place," said Horace. "Jump into my car girls and off we go.

Horace's car was really magnificent. Even Stephanie didn't mind being seen in it.

"Do you know," she smiled as they drove along the country lanes, "I really wouldn't mind at all if some of my smart towny friends happened to meet us, as we were along in your car Horace. That is," she added hastily, "so long as you didn't mention that your name is 'Horace'."

"That's all right," said Horace. "I'm smart enough to use back here, is

Luckily Horace was very good natured.

"When you are as rich as I am you don't care what people call you Steve, sweetheart," he smiled.

"Good," smiled Stephanie pleased that Horace had called her Steve and pleased to hear that Horace was rich. "Then if we meet anyone I know, shall I introduce you as my rich, distant cousin Horatio Horatio is much more dignified than Horace.

Just then Winifred interrupted.

"It's lucky someone is thinking of

what we are supposed to be doing and not bothering about this silly name-crazy of yours our Stephanie," she said.

Sidney's cottage. If I hadn't been looking out for it we should have driven straight past."

Horace called to the chauffeur to stop the car and the three mice got

There on a flat meadow in front of them was a very pretty, old cottage with a thatched roof.

It was true there were no roses growing in the garden, but there was honeysuckle round the cottage

garden path and water-lilies in the goldfish pond.

Even Stephanie had to admit it was all very pretty.

Just then the door opened and an old lady mouse came out.

"What can I do for you?" she asked.

Next week read how the mice find the jewel box.

These are the questions about the story you read on page 3. See if you can answer them. You can re-read the story to help you.

1. What is the name of the mouse who was born in Australia?

2. What is the name of the mouse who was born in the country?

3. What is the name of the mouse who was born in the town?

4. In what country is the canal which is shown in the picture?

5. Can you remember any of the names?





JASON AND THE *Golden Fleece*

BRAVE and fearless though he was, Jason had a sinking feeling inside him as the horde of armed warriors, who had sprung up from the dragon's teeth sown in the ground, came rushing at him. "Guard the Golden Fleece!" they were shouting. "Protect it from all enemies!"

"I am only one against so many," said Jason, "but I shall fight as best as I can."

Medea, the King's daughter, was close at hand to help him, however. "There is no need to fight, Jason," she whispered. "They can be beaten with a little cunning. Snatch up a stone from the ground. Do as I say—quickly!"

Jason picked up a big, round pebble, wondering what to do with it.

"Throw it among them," said Medea. "It is the only way to save yourself."

The armed warriors were now very close when Jason threw the stone. It flew from his hand, struck the steel helmet of the leading soldier, bounced off on to the nose of the man next to him, then bounced once again into the angry face of another, hitting him between the eyes.

Each of the three thought that one of the others had thrown the stone which struck them and, instead of running towards Jason, they began to fight among themselves.

Others, being jostled and pushed, also took up the battle. In a moment the entire army of warriors was raging and roaring and attacking each other with all the fury they could raise.

One by one they fell to the ground. At last there was only one left standing, but he had been so wounded that he also fell down dead. And that was the end of the army that had sprouted from the dragon's teeth.

Unharmcd and still a little bewildered, Jason turned to Medea and thanked her.

"To give you help was my pleasure, Jason," she replied. "Your night's work has been well done. Tomorrow, you can tell the King that you have completed the tasks he set you to do."

Next morning, Jason went to the palace of the King, Medea's father.

"May it please your Majesty," he said, "The fiery bulls have been tamed and yoked, the field has been ploughed and sown with dragon's teeth, the crop of armed warriors has sprung up, but now not a single one of them is still alive. Will you keep your promise? May I take down the Golden Fleece from the sacred tree and depart with my forty-nine comrades?"

The King scowled and looked very angry.

"I made that promise, not knowing that you would get magic help from my daughter," he said. "I now feel that I can break it, so I forbid you to make any more attempts to get the Golden Fleece."

Sadly, Jason left the palace. He felt like calling up his brave comrades to make a bid to defeat the dragon that lived at the foot of the sacred tree and snatch the precious Golden Fleece. But he could not be sure that the ever-hungry dragon would not swallow them all in fifty mouthfuls.

He was hurrying down the palace steps when Medea came up to him.

"What says my father, the King?" asked the Princess.

"He has broken his promise and refuses to give me the Golden Fleece," replied Jason.

"He is angry because he never expected you to perform all the dangerous tasks he set," nodded Medea. "Others have tried before you, but they have never been able to get past the fire-breathing bulls, let alone yoke them to a plough and sow the dragon's teeth."

"Nor could I have done it without your help, Medea," admitted Jason. "I can never thank you enough, but now my disappointment is so great that I feel angry, too. It has been a long journey for us to reach the land of the Golden Fleece and my brave comrades aboard the Argo will not be happy to return without the prize they came for. As for me, if I fail to get the Golden Fleece, then I will fail to get the throne that wicked King Pelias stole from my father."

"Then I must help you again, so that you can take it," said Medea. "Wait for me here, an hour before midnight."

At the appointed time, when all was

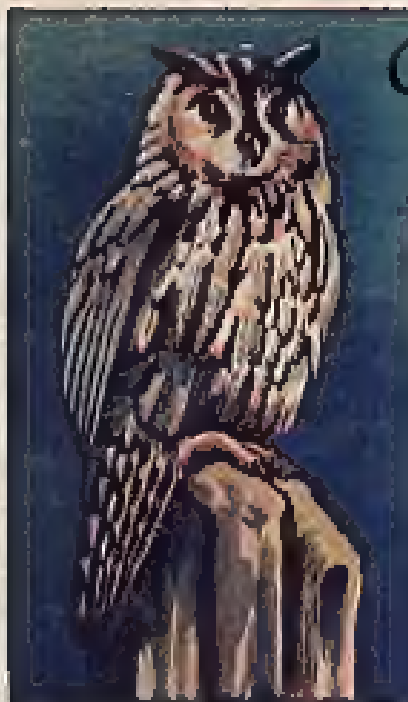
dark and quiet, Princess Medea led Prince Jason through the streets of the city. They walked in silence across the pasture land where the two tamed bulls contentedly lay down, mooing gently as they chewed the cud. Then on across the ploughed field they went, into a deep dark forest, packed with giant oak trees. When they were in the middle of it, Medea squeezed Jason's hand.

She pointed to a patch of gleaming light a little farther on, about a man's height from the ground.

"Look! There it is, Jason," she said, "The Golden Fleece!"

Next week: Jason meets the mighty dragon.





The **WISE OLD OWL**

Knows all the answers

The Wise Old Owl says:
"These answers will help you
with your learning and make
you wiser, too."



1. Who were the first men to fly an airplane?

"Two American brothers, named Wilbur and Orville Wright, built an airplane of wood, wire and canvas, added a small engine and flew for a short distance, just 61 years ago. Although other men had flown higher in balloons and had glided in kites without engines, the Wright brothers were the first to fly a machine in the air, which could be made to go where the pilot wanted it to go."



2. Does a pineapple grow on a tree?

"In spite of its name, a pineapple is not really an apple at all, and it does not grow on a tree. Pineapples grow very close to the ground, surrounded by long dark leaves as sharp as swords. The men who collect the fruit wear thick gloves and leggings as protection."



3. What are clouds made of?

"Clouds are made of millions of tiny drops of water which the wind and sun have caused to rise up from seas, rivers and lakes. When the tiny drops of water gather together into larger drops, they become too heavy to float in the air and fall as rain, or even snow."



4. Why does a cuckoo lay eggs in other birds' nests?

"Because the mother cuckoo builds no nest of her own. She lays her eggs, one at a time, in any other nests that she can find leaving them there to be hatched."



5. Do some animals sleep all through the winter?

"Quite a lot of creatures do this. The long winter sleep is called 'hibernation'. Food is short in the winter, so these animals keep warm by sleeping."